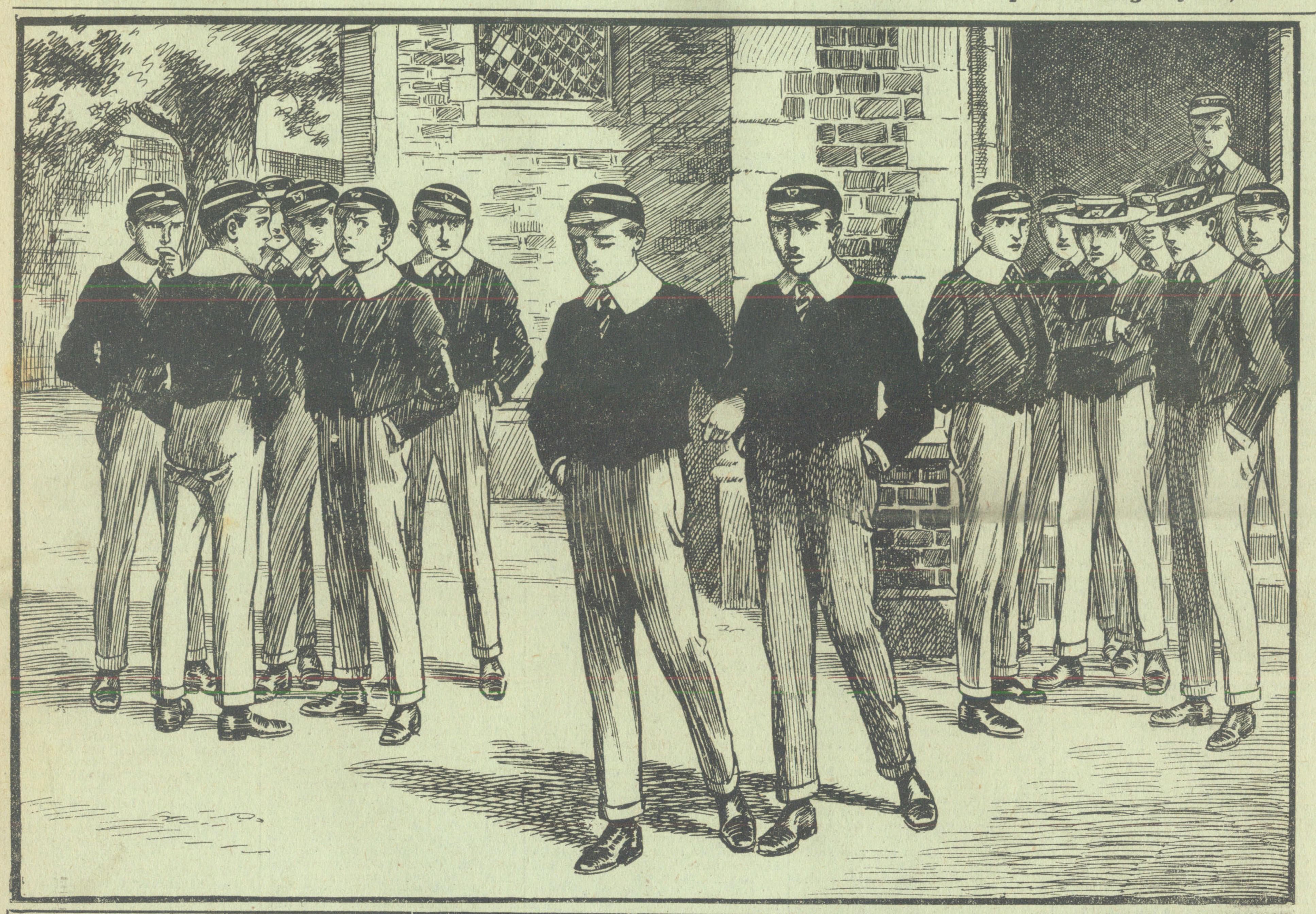
"Parted Chums!" a Great School Tale in This Issue!

WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

No. 734, Vol. XV. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending July 3rd, 1915.



JIMMY SILVER & OSWALD ARE SENT TO COVENTRY BY THE BOYS OF ROOKWOOD.

PARTED CHUMS!

A Magnificent New Long Complete School Story, introducing JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood.

OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Trouble Ahead.

Jimmy Silver was worried. He was merose.

It was so extraordinary for Jimmy worried or morose that his chums were astounded, and, indeed, almost alarmed.

Hitherto the end study in the junior | put it poetically. passage had sheltered a happy family,

who did not seem to have a care in | the world. The Fistical Four had always seemed satisfied with themselves and things generally. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were cheery youths, and Jimmy Silver especially Silver, the most sunny-tempered always gave the impression that he junior at Rookwood, to be either I found life exceedingly well worth

But now, apparently, a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream, to

He was worried and morose.

Lines did not worry Jimmy Silver. Lickings worried him only temporarily. Even detention only dashed his high spirits as long as it lasted. But now his worry was plain, and his moroseness was evident.

When he sat at tea in the study with a thoughtful wrinkle on his brow, and without speaking a word, were-well, rather 'off,' you know!" the first time it happened his chums Moderns, Jimmy Silver & Co. being morose, and the effect of the kippers, I

the great champions of the Classical, if it had been the kippers that caused side at Rookwood.

study after tea without speaking a word, they were surprised. And come weren't feeling any ill-effects when Lovell asked him later whether from the kippers. It was clear that Modern bounders sit up, Jimmy something deeper and more serious.

Silver only replied:

To questions concerning what was Silver only replied:
"Blow the Moderns!"

said Lovell warmly. Tommy Dodd, f'rinstance--"

"Blow Tommy Dodd!" "He's getting his ears up, we've let them alone so long," said Lovell

indignantly. "Blow his ears!"

And Jimmy Silver shoved his hands deep in his pockets, and tramped away, leaving his best chum in a state of astonishment.

"He's seedy, I suppose," Lovell told Raby and Newcome. "Perhaps it was those kippers. I thought they

But the next day it was clear that naturally thought that he was plan- it couldn't have been the kippers, for ning some deep scheme up against the Jimmy Silver was still worried and

ide at Rookwood.

But when Jimmy Silver left the that time.

he had a "wheeze" for making the it wasn't the kippers at all. It was

on his little brain, Jimmy Silver only! "But it's time we gave 'em a fall," replied "Rats!" or "Bow-wow!"-"There's replies from which no information could be gleaned.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome consulted anxiously on the subject. For Jimmy Silver to be "in the blues" for two whole days was such a phenomenon that it was evident that something was very much out of

"He can't have been getting into one of Smythe's little sweeps, and losing his tin," said Lovell. "He's not ass enough for that!"

"Might have had a relation hurt in the war," said Raby. "Young Thompson was awfully cut up about his brother, you know."

"Well, he'd tell us," said Lovell (Continued on the next page.)



(Continued from the previous page.)

Yorks. We'll ask him!"

West Yorks was still going strong.

It wasn't that.

On the third day of Jimmy Silver's | anything to say!" amazing moroseness his chums could stand it no longer. They intended to have it out, and they arranged to corner Jimmy in the study, and make him explain. In case of obstinacy on Jimmy's part, it was agreed that Raby and Newcome should hold him, while Lovell wielded a cricket-stump. By that means they expected to get at the facts.

About tea-time they watched for Jimmy Silver from the study doorway. The stump was on the table, all ready.

"Here he comes!" murmured Lovell. "Let him get in, but mind he doesn't get out again. He's jolly well not going to worry his pals like

They watched. Jimmy Silver came along the passage, his hands deep in his pockets, and that unaccustomed wrinkle in his brow. A junior came out of the next studythe new boy in the Fourth, Dick Oswald. He was passing Jimmy Silver with averted face, when Jimmy woke up out of a reverie, and stopped

"Hold on, Oswald!" Oswald held on.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked at one another. Oswald had been sent to Coventry-for excellent reasons, as they considered—and it was just like Jimmy Silver to set himself up against the verdict of the Form in this way. What was he speaking to the fellow for?

"How are you getting on?" asked Jimmy Silver, apparently unconscious of the fact that his chums were frowning at him from the end study.

Oswald flushed

"All right," he replied, "thanks!" "How are Hooker and Jones treating you in your study?"

Oswald's flush deepened.

"They don't speak to me," he "Isn't it rather rotten?"

"Yes," said Oswald. "But I know you mean kindly, Silver, but you'd better not speak to me, or you'll get into trouble with the rest. The whole Form's down on me, and I don't want to drag you into my troubles."

"Blow the Form!" said Jimmy Silver. Oswald smiled.

"You've been keeping out of my

way," said Jimmy.

"Why?"

"Because—because I've heard some of the fellows saying that if you keep on speaking to me, you'll be sent to Coventry, too," said Oswald. "You'd better let me alone, like the rest."

"Do you mean that you don't want

me to speak to you?" "No, I don't mean that. If you'd ever been sent to Coventry, you'd know how glad I am to see that you're not the same as the rest," said Oswald. "But-but it isn't fair to

you." "I can look after myself, I think," said Jimmy Silver. "Well, I'm going to speak to you. If you dodge me any more, I'm going to look for you specially, and punch your head—

"You'll be cut by the rest!"

"Let 'em cut and be blowed!"

"But-" "Blow your 'buts'! Just remember what I've told you, that's all," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm not a duffer! I know it looks pretty bad about you, but I believe I know a right?" said Jimmy Silver slowly.

know you're one!" moved voice. "And-and you're self into Rookwood to disgrace us, quite right, only-only I can't explain, | too?" exclaimed Lovell angrily. "I you see. It's true that I was sacked | think you're a silly idiot, Jimmy | from my last school, and on a serious | Silver." charge, just as Smythe got it in that

I can't deny it!"

"I know he's got a cousin in the West | do what they accused you of-pub-

They asked him, but it appeared "I never did! But—but I can't go that Jimmy Silver's cousin in the into it; there's circumstances I can't explain. The Head did quite right, as he believed, and-and I hadn't

"But why hadn't you, if you were

innocent?"

Oswald was silent. "You're a queer animal," said | fellow was sacked from his school-Jimmy Silver, after a pause. "But | he admits it—and fellows ain't sacked | I believe in you all the same. If | for nothing. If he was decent he'd you've taken me in, I'm not such an | be at Minhurst now!" awfully clever chap as I think I

Jimmy Silver walked on to his own study. There he was immediately seized by three pairs of indignant it. The Head must have known." hands, and whirled into the study, and three separate and distinct glares were fixed upon him.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were indignant, and they meant to make their study-leader understand that without the possibility of a mis-

The 2nd Chapter. A Study Licking.

"Jimmy Silver, you ass!"

"Jimmy, you fathead!" "You duffer!"

Jimmy Silver jerked himself away from his indignant study-mates, and regarded them morosely.

"Well, what's the excitement about?" he demanded.

"Look here, Jimmy Silver-" "I'm looking, fathead!"

"We've got a bone to pick with you," said Lovell. "In the first place, you've got to explain why you've been going about like a bear with a sore head. Two or three days of it now, and we're fed-up!"

"And what have you been jawing to that new cad for?" demanded Newcome.

"You know he's sent to Coventry," added Raby. "You know what he did," said

Lovell. Jimmy Silver yawned.

"Did you ever see such an exasperating ass?" ejaculated Lovell. "Collar him, and I'll try the stump!" "Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver.

"No larks! I'm worried!" "Well, what are you worried about?" demanded Lovell. "That's what we want to know, and that's what we're jolly well going to know, as well as about you jawing to that worm Oswald!"

"I've been thinking about him," said Silver.

His chums stared at him wrathfully. "Do you mean to say that that's what's been the matter with you?" exclaimed Lovell hotly. "You've been bothering about that new kid?"

"And that's the trouble?" howled Raby.

"That's the trouble!" assented licking!" Jimmy Silver. "You see-"

"No, I don't see," said Lovell. "I don't see at all. I thought there must be something the matter, from your idiotic manners and customs the last couple of days. You ass!" "There is something the matter,"

said Jimmy Silver. "I can't make it out, but I think it's up to us." "What's up to us?"

"To stand by that kid Oswald." "Oh, you fathead!"

"He's cut by the whole Form-all the Lower School, in fact," said Jimmy Silver seriously. "I suppose you know it ain't nice to be sent to he felt that he had to act according | manded. Coventry?"

"Serve him right!"

"What did he expect?" "The question is, Does it serve him

decent chap when I see one, and I "Of course it does! Wasn't he sacked from his last school for dis-"Thank you!" said Oswald, in a gracing it, and hasn't he wedged him-

"Thanks! Look here, let's talk on him." letter from his brother at Minhurst. | this over seriously. That kid seemed decent enough when he came here. exclaimed Lovell. "You mean to say that you didn't We all liked him. Smythe of the

Shell was down on him, but that's in his favour rather than otherwise. Well, Smythe got it from his brother at Minhurst that Oswald had been sacked from there for pub-haunting and playing the giddy ox generally. Now, Oswald's been here about a fortnight, and he hasn't shown any sign of playing the giddy ox."

"He's had his lesson, I suppose!" snorted Lovell. "Afraid of getting the sack from here, too."

"He'll break out, you know, sooner

or later," said Raby. "We took him for a really decent sort-"

"He took us in."

"That's a reflection on this study, Raby," said Jimmy Silver sternly. "This study is never taken in. If we admit that this study has been | were fed-up. Their strong regard for taken in by a new kid, what becomes of our giddy prestige? I decline to | else, made them determined that he admit the possibility of this study being taken in!"

"Well, that's all very well," said Lovell, after a pause. "But the

"Then," resumed Jimmy Silver, "Smythe says the Head must have And with a nod to the new boy, been bamboozled, to let him in at | Rookwood after he'd been sacked from Minhurst. Well, I don't believe

> "Rats! He wouldn't have let him come here. I suppose Rookwood ain't here simply to take the refuse of

other schools, is it?"

"He must have known!" persisted Jimmy Silver. "That shows there must have been some point in the chap's favour—a doubt of some sort and Dr. Chisholm has given him the benefit of the doubt. Well, why can't we do the same?"

"Oh, rot!" "So you're setting up as a blessed Don Quixote, a giddy champion of the oppressed!" said Lovell. "Well, this study ain't a home for Quixotes! You're not going to bother your silly head about that young rotter any more, and you're not going to talk to

"He's sent to Coventry, and he's going to stay there," said Newcome. "It's a hint to him to get out of the school. He's no right to come here after being sacked from his own school. It's rotten!"

"It wouldn't have come out if Sinythe hadn't nosed it out," said Jimmy Silver. "Smythe is a pretty cad to be down on him, too. He smokes and bets on geegees himself -pretty much the same kind of thing that Oswald was sacked for. Now, I want you chaps to back me up. We're going to take Oswald under our wing, as we believe him to be decent-"

"But we don't!" "I do!" said Jimmy Silver. "And you chaps can depend on my judgment. You'll admit that I've got most of the brains in this study!" "Why, you cheeky ass--"

"You burblin' duffer-" "Look here," roared Lovell, "that fellow Oswald is in Coventry! If we take him up, the fellows will send us to Coventry, too, and serve us right! He ought to get out of the school. He's a disgrace! We're not going to take him up. And you're studies in a twinkling. not going to take him up, Jimmy Silver. You're going to give us your | up to the end study. He found the word, honest Injun, not to speak to

"Rats!" "Or else you'll get a study

him any more."

Raby and Newcome nodded assent, study. and Jimmy Silver frowned at his l chums. The concord in the end about?" he demanded. study seemed on the point of being seriously broken, and all on account of a new fellow who was really nothing to them. But there was a strong regard for justice in Jimmy Silver's breast, a keenness to help those who were down; and, believing | rather loudly," admitted Jimmy in the outcast of the Fourth as he Silver cautiously. did, he felt that he could not desert making a mistake—he acknowledged | there had been war in the study. that-but he did not think so, and "You've been fighting?" he deto his convictions.

but the Co. watched in vain for any affair; no need for you to worry, They felt that it was up to Oswald to sign of yielding in Jimmy Silver's Bulkeley." face. He was as firm as a rock, as he "Well, you must make less row graceful secret was known. If he would have said—or as obstinate as | with your little arguments," said | wouldn't do that, at least, he should a mule, as his chums would have Bulkeley. "You'll take two hundred be left in no doubt as to what Rookexpressed it. "Well?" said Lovell at last.

Jimmy. "I believe he's all right, and I'm not going to turn my back | cane."

"You'd rather turn it on us?"

"I want you to back me up."

"Bosh!" "Then we'll agree to differ," said Jimmy. "No need to row about

"You're going to chuck up speaking to him," said Lovell. whole Form will be down on us."

"Blow the whole Form!" "They'll say we're all tarred with the same brush, and it's a case of birds of a feather if we speak to

"Let 'em!"

"I see talking's no good," said Lovell. "Collar the silly idiot, you chaps, and we'll give him a study licking!"

"Here, hold on-" Bump!

Lovell and Raby and Newcome Jimmy Silver, more than anything should not get himself into a sea of troubles by championing the unpopular new boy. A study licking seemed to them the best way of dealing with the situation, and they proceeded to administer it.

Jimmy Silver, however, was not the kind of person to be licked with impunity.

There was a terrific struggle in the end study.

The chairs were flying, and the table was knocked into the fender, and the tea-things were deposited in the grate with grievous damage.

Crash! Bump! Thud! Yell! Bump!

The din from the end study brought a crowd of the Fourth along the passage to see what was up. Hooker and Jones minor and Flynn and Townsend and Topham and a crowd more gathered outside the open door, and looked in with keen interest.

The sight of the Fistical Four using their fistical prowess on one another seemed to afford entertainment to the

Classical Fourth. "Go it, Lovell!"

"Go for him, Silver!" "Pile in, Raby!"

"Back up, Newcome!" "Arrah, pile in, bejabers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Jimmy Silver was down at last, and Newcome held him by the arms and legs, while Lovell administered correction with the cricket-stump.

Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack!

Jimmy Silver roared and struggled, and the crowd in the passage roared, too, with laughter. Nobody thought of interfering. The domestic concerns of the Fistical Four were their own business—the end study was a law unto itself.

"There!" panted Lovell. "Now, you silly idiot, are you going to do the sensible thing and be pally?" "Yow! Ow, ow!"

"Do you want some more?" "Yarooh!" "Ha, ha, ha' Sure, ye'll bust the

stump, Lovell!" yelled Flynn. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Jimmy Silver, you ass, are you going to chuck up that new rotter?"

"No!" roared Jimmy Silver. Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yoooooop!" "Cave!" yelled Hooker from the passage. "Here comes Bulkeley!" The crowd melted away into the

Bulkeley of the Sixth came striding Fistical Four looking very red and flustered. The stump had disappeared from sight, and Jimmy Silver was manfully suppressing his groans. The prefect stared wrathfully into the

"What's all this thundering row "Row?" said Jimmy Silver

vaguely. "Somebody was yelling-" "Was-was he?"

"It was you, Silver!" "I--I might have been speaking

Bulkeley looked at the four juniors him. It was possible that he was in a puzzled way. He could see that

lines for yelling, Silver; and the other | wood thought of him.

I his devoted chums any longer.

The 3rd Chapter.

The Outcast of the Fourth! Oswald of the Fourth gave Jimmy

Silver an anxious glance that evening in the dormitory when the Classical juniors went up to bed.

He had heard of the trouble in the end study, and he knew that it was upon his account, and it evidently troubled him.

All four of the Classical chums were showing signs of damage, for Jimmy Silver had hit hard before his devoted followers had succeeded in administering the study licking.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked very cross. In the innocence of their hearts they had expected Jimmy Silver to do the sensible thing after that forcible demonstration of the point of view of his study-mates. But Jimmy Silver was as far as ever from doing the sensible thing.

He was determined to understudy the celebrated Don Quixote apparently. He was going to stand up for the unpopular Oswald, just as if nothing had happened. The study licking was a sheer waste.

In the dormitory he caught Oswald's eye turned anxiously upon him, and he gave the new junior a cheery nod. "All serene?" he said.

"I'm sorry you've been rowing," said Oswald, in a low voice.

"Bless your little heart, we live on rows-thrive on 'em!" said Jimmy Silver. "By gad!" said Townsend, the dandy of the Fourth. "There's

Silver talking to that chap again! You know what's been agreed, Silver!" "Bow-wow!" "You'll have the whole form down

on you if you don't chuck it!" said Topham. "We're not goin' to stand it I can tell you!" Oswald winced, and turned away

from Silver. "Oswald!" said Jimmy. "Yes?" said the new junior, turn-

ing back. "Nothing particular-just talking, that's all," said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Nice weather we've been having, haven't we?"

"Yes," said Oswald, laughing, in spite of himself.

"Very fine to-day, Oswald." "Ye-es." "If this weather keeps on," pursued

Jimmy Silver, "it will be ripping for the cricket." The Fourth-Formers glared at Jimmy Silver. He was discussing the weather, of course, simply to talk to Oswald. Lovell and Raby and New-

come exchanged glances and frowned darkly. They were seriously angry with their chum. They were accustomed to following Jimmy Silver's lead, but for Jimmy to set himself against his study in this way was a little too thick. Neville of the Sixth came in to see

lights out; but when the prefect was gone there was a buzz of voices in the dormitory. Remarks were addressed to Jimmy

Silver from all sides, and they were not complimentary remarks. Jimmy Silver did not trouble to

He had marked out his line for himself, and he meant to follow it, and he appeared indifferent to public opinion in the Classical Fourth.

The next morning, when the juniors turned out at the clang of the risingbell, Jimmy Silver chatted to Oswald while he was dressing.

Oswald answered him in a constrained manner. To the junior who was in Coventry, who was not spoken to even in his

own study, it was a boon and a blessing to find somebody to speak to him. But he was worried about the conse-

quences for his champion. Oswald was cut by all the juniors on the Classical side, and the Moderns, who had heard his story, turned up their Modern noses at him. Indeed, some of the Moderns made capital out of it, twitting the enraged Classicals with sheltering on their side fellows who had been sacked from other schools. Leggett had nicknamed the Classical side the "Re-"A-a-a little argument," said formatory" for the occasion, and, There was a silence in the study, Jimmy Silver. "Quite a family naturally, the Classicals were wrathy.

young sweeps will take a hundred | So it was utterly exasperating to "I'm stickin' to that chap!" said | each. And if there's any more noise | the Classical juniors to see Jimmy from this study I'll come back with a | Silver taking the ostracised lad under his wing in this way.

And the great man walked away. | Generally Jimmy Silver's lead was Jimmy Silver went in his wake. He | followed on the Classical side, but didn't desire to remain alone with this time there was not much prospect of that. If Jimmy had calculated on

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(Continued from previous page.)

speak to, and he oughtn't to be here,

"Hear, hear!" said the meeting.

"I was down on him from the

"Yes; you wanted to bullyrag him,

There was a chuckle from the meet-

"Gentlemen," he said, "this meet-

his influence to that extent he was | "It's been agreed by all the Classical side to send that new cad, destined to be disappointed.

In other matters he could carry the Oswald, to Coventry!" resumed whole Form with him. In this matter | Smythe. "Fourth and Shell are in enemy "down" in this manner. the Fourth Form was not to be either | it together. The fellow ain't fit to | Never before had an opportunity led or driven.

Even in his own study Jimmy had anyway."

no backing now. When he strolled out into the quad

with Oswald before brekker the Co. | first," went on Smythe. looked after him morosely. Jimmy Silver beckoned to them to and he licked you," assented Jimmy.

join him, and they stood unmoved, frowning. They were not going to | ing, and the lordly Adolphus frowned. walk with Oswald. "So we're thrown over!" said ing has been called to deal with

Lovell bitterly. "We're given the order of the boot for the sake of that cad!"

"The silly ass!" said Raby. "It's only his dashed obstinacy."

"Let him stick to the cad if he likes!" said Newcome tartly. "If he does he can't stick to us, too."

"It's too thick!" growled Lovell.
"He ought to come into line with the rest of us. You see, that chap is really a rotten outsider, and we can't look over what he's done. Sacked from his own school, and sticking himself in here. It's too thick!"

The Co. agreed that it was. looked as if there would be a break in the Co. at last.

Oswald was silent as he walked with Jimmy Silver; but Jimmy kept up a cheery chat. They came back towards the House when the breakfastbell rang, and then Oswald spoke hurriedly.

"You'd better chuck it up, Silver. You'll get yourself into trouble with everybody!"

"Bow-wow!" said Jimmy.

"Your own pals are down on you!"

"They'll come round." "But the other fellows-"

"Let 'em rip!"

"I don't want to get you into trouble," said Oswald miserably. "I -I'd leave the school if I could. But my pater would be disappointed-he'd take me away if I asked him; butbut I can't ask him, and tell him what a muck I've made of things. I've got to stick it out somehow. But you

"I'll help you," said Jimmy.

"It's jolly kind of you, but it means a lot of trouble."

"Let it!" They went in to breakfast. At morning lessons it was plain that there was something on in the Mr. Bootles, the Formmaster, found an unusual amount of whispering going on. Many glances

were directed towards Jimmy Silver. After lessons Townsend tapped Jimmy on the shoulder when the Fourth came out.

"Meeting in the common-room," he said. "Everybody's wanted."

"Oh, I'll come!" said Jimmy Silver. Ten minutes later the Classical Fourth and a crowd of Shell fellows were gathered in the junior commonroom. Jimmy Silver came in last. Oswald was the only member of the Classical Fourth who was absent.

"Here he is!" called out Topham, as Jimmy Silver came in.

Silver smiled grimly. He understood that the junior meeting was called on his account. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were looking downcast but determined. They had made up their minds.

Townsend rapped on the table. "We're all here!" he said. "Shut the door, young Hooker. Now we'll get to business, Jimmy Silver." "Oh, do!" said Jimmy Silver

cheerfully. And the Classical juniors got to business.

The 4th Chapter. Sent to Coventry.

Smythe of the Shell put his eyeglass in his eye and fixed a very stern look | who speaks to him shall be sent to on Jimmy Silver. Adolphus Smythe was taking the lead in the proceedings.

"You're called up here, Silver, to answer for your conduct," said "That's your fault for being such Form." Smythe loftily.

"Go hon!" said Jimmy, with undiminished cheerfulness.

listen to the verdict of Rookwood. | back on your own pals, Jimmy." Now, are you goin' to cut that cad Oswald, like the rest of us?" "I don't think he's a cad."

goin' to cut him?"

"No."

"You know what we've all decided?"

"Oh, yes!" "And you're goin' to set yourself against the lot of us?" Jimmy Silver nodded.

There was a deep and angry murmur in the crowded room. For once, feeling was all on the side of Adolphus Smythe and against Jimmy Silver. Adolphus smiled. He was exceedingly pleased to have his old come his way of putting Jimmy Silver in his place. But it had come at last.

"Gentlemen," said Smythe, "you hear what he says. He's goin' to set himself against the verdict of the whole school. I rather think that we're goin' to show him that he can't dictate to us."

"Yes, rather!" "Hear, hear!"

"Send him to Coventry too!"

said Adolphus. "You're here to a friend of yours, even. Don't go

Jimmy Silver compressed his lips a little.

"There's such a thing as fair play," "That ain't the point. Are you he said. "I admit it looks pretty black against Oswald. But I believe he's a really decent chap."

"Rats!" "Rot!"

"Rubbish!" "I believe he's the right sort," said Jimmy, unmoved by the interrup-

"Bosh!" "Well, so long as I think as I do, of "Coventry." I can't go back on him," said Jimmy

been treated badly."

Silver. "It wouldn't be cricket." "You've got to do like the rest of

us," said Townsend. "Follow the crowd, you know," said Jones minor persuasively.

Jimmy Silver shook his head. "Think it over, old chap," said

Lovell.

each other company there, old chap, till they come round."

"They won't come round," said Oswald, with a shake of the head. "Then they can rip," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm not giving in."

"I'm sorry for this, Silver." "Nothing to be sorry for. Come and have a ginger-pop."

And Jimmy linked his arm in Oswald's and marched him off to Sergeant Kettle's little tuckshop. The sight of Jimmy Silver and Oswald tions, "and I think some mistake has crossing the quad with linked arms been made. They ain't infallible at | was the finishing touch, so to speak. Minhurst, I suppose. I think it may | The Classical juniors simply boiled come out some day that Oswald has | with wrath. From that moment the sentence was put into execution, and Jimmy Silver was in the cold shades

The 5th Chapter. Parted Chums.

Jimmy Silver came into the end study at tea-time with a cheerful brow.

The worry and moroseness that had lain so heavily upon him of late seemed to have disappeared.

"I've thought it over, and I think | Perhaps it was because he found I'm doing the right thing," said relief in having made up his mind. Jimmy Silver. "If I'm wrong, I | His path was marked out and decided can't help it. But I believe Oswald | now, at all events, unpleasant as it might be.

He felt that he was doing right, and that was enough to uphold him. If he was making a mistake, it couldn't be helped. To err is human. If the fellows chose to take his action badly, that couldn't be helped, either.

Perhaps, under the exterior of smiling cheerfulness, Jimmy Silver felt his position more keenly than he showed.

Several times that day it had been "rubbed in."

Forgetting that he was in Coventry, he had spoken to several fellows, only to be met by a blank stare.

On such occasions he had restrained the desire to plant his knuckles in the face that stared at him so blankly. It was not of much use to begin a series of "scraps" with the whole of the Fourth and the Shell.

He shrugged his shoulders and took it quietly.

If he felt it deeply, he did not show it. His outward manner was more cheerful than it had been for some

time past. Lovell and Raby and Newcome were in the study when he came in to tea. They turned very red as he came in, but did not speak.

"Tea ready?" asked Jimmy, in

quite his old way. The Co. looked at one another, almost guiltily, and did not answer. Jimmy Silver surveyed them in turn.

"Deaf?" he asked. No reply. "Dumb?"

Silence. "Well, this is the first time I've had tea in a deaf and dumb asylum," Jimmy Silver remarked. "It will be

an experience, anyway." Lovell and Raby and Newcome shifted uneasily, but they did not speak. Jimmy Silver proceeded with his tea.

He took out a book, and began to read over his tea.

His chums stole glances at him from time to time, but he did not look at them. Having given them the chance to speak, which they had not taken, he ignored their existence.

He ate and drank and read with perfect calmness, apparently quite unconscious of their presence in the study.

After tea, Jimmy Silver strolled out of the study, whistling. Lovell and Raby and Newcome

looked at one another. "I-I say, this can't go on, you know," remarked Raby, uneasily.

Lovell snorted. "Why don't the silly ass give in,

then?" he growled. "He's such an obstinate beast," remarked Newcome.

"Well, we'll be obstinate beasts,

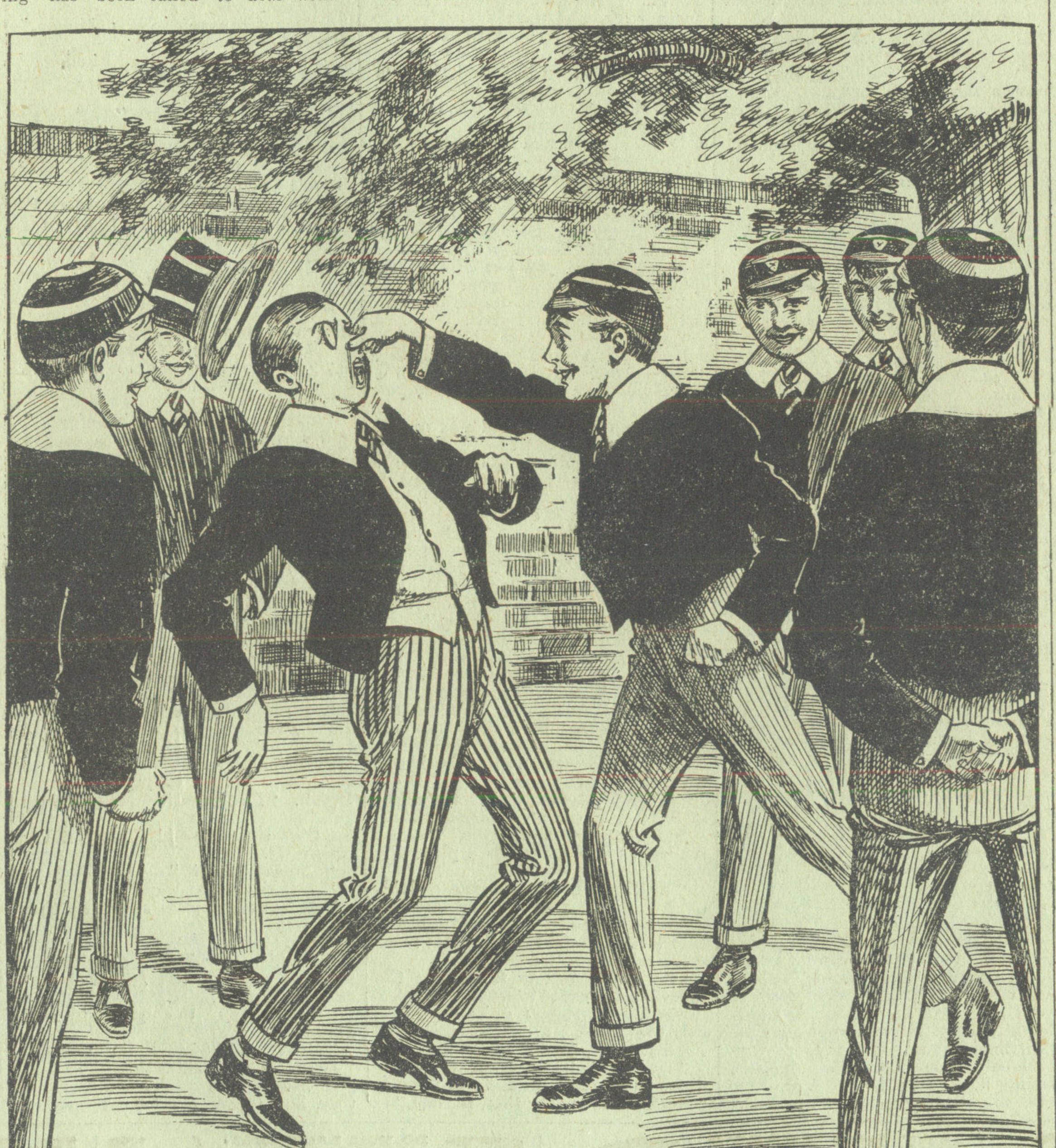
too, and we'll see who holds out longest," said Lovell. "The silly ass has no right to stick out against the whole Form." Raby rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"I-I say, suppose Jimmy should be right after all?" he said slowly. "That chap Oswald does seem a decent sort, from what we've seen of him. A good bit better than Adolphus in every way."

"Wasn't he sacked from his school?"

"Well, yes!" "Well, then, what right had he to wedge in here, as if Rookwood is a home for fellows who can't be stood

anywhere else," said Lovell, wrath-"I'm in Coventry, too," said "It's up against us, to have him



"That's what I think of you!" said Lovell, as he made a sudden dive at Adolphus Smythe's prominent nose, and seized it with a thumb and finger. "Groo-oo-ah! "Leggo!" shrieked Smythe. "Ow, by dose! Draggimoff!"

Jimmy Silver, who persists in disregardin' the verdict of the whole school. Is Rookwood goin' to be dictated to by Jimmy Silver?"

"Why not?" asked Jimmy. "Never!" howled Townsend.

"Rather not!"

"The new cad, bein' in Coventry, "Your own pals think the same as nobody is allowed to speak to him," said Smythe. "In the long run, we hope he'll get fed up and get out of the school."

"Hear, hear!" "It's been agreed that any fellow Coventry, too. Silver's floutin' the whole school. We've given him a

mend his ways, and he laughs at us." | can't set yourself against all the looked more worried than Jimmy. a funny merchant, Smythey," said

Jimmy Silver.

"Kick him out!" "You hear the verdict, Silver," down on him."

said Smythe. "You speak another word to Oswald, and you're in along with him," said Smythe. Coventry too."

"Bow-wow!"

"We're all in this," said Smythe. the rest of us."

Jimmy Silver glanced at Lovell and "That's settled," said Townsend. Raby and Newcome. Most eyes, in fact, were turned upon the three. The Fistical Four had been insepar-

Lovell reddened.

able.

"Look here, Jimmy, why not do sentence of Coventry had not worried chance. He's had plenty of time to the sensible thing?" he urged. "You him very deeply. His three old chums

> "And us too," said Raby. "What does the new chap matter

common-room, with his hands in his pockets, whistling. Apparently the

Lovell and Raby and Newcome

were silent. Jimmy Silver gave them

a glance, and then walked out of the

I is all right, and I'm not going to be

"Then you can go to Coventry

"That's the verdict. Gentlemen,

Jimmy Silver is sent to Coventry,

and from this moment he's goin' to

be cut by the whole school."

"Hear, hear!"

Oswald met Silver in the passage. "Well?" he said.

"I'm not goin' to argue with you," | to you?" said Newcome. "He isn't | Jimmy Silver cheerily. "We'll keep here," said Newcome. "No good



(Continued previous page.)

jawing, Raby-he's got to be in us this afternoon; another feather in Coventry, and if Jimmy sticks to him, | their cap." Jimmy will have to stick it out with | "Oh, we'll put up a fight," said him. Jimmy will soon get tired of Jones minor. "Anyway, we can't be Oswald-he did his preparation in the

this study, though.

"All Silver's fault," said Lovell. "Yes, that's so. But I don't be-

lieve he'll give in."

Lovell confidently. Lovell did not feel quite so confident as he appeared. The three chums, having sent Jimmy Silver to Coventry along with the rest, ought logically to have ceased to bother their

heads about him at all. But they didn't. They worried about him a good deal more now that they were not on speaking terms. When they came across him, they

eyed him anxiously, looking for a sign

of Jimmy's "coming round." But Jimmy Silver gave no sign. with the new state of affairs. If he | him. was not really contented, he kept the secret of his discontent locked up in his own breast.

cals of the Fourth Form.

Jimmy had never cut him like the as nails. rest. But now they were always together. Oswald had felt his loneliness keenly, and now it was goneone pleasant chum was quite enough to make all the difference.

All that troubled him now was the thought of what Jimmy Silver was giving up for his sake.

But upon that point it was useless to argue with Jimmy. Whether it was the firmness of a rock, or the obstinacy of a mule, Jimmy was not to be moved from the path he had! marked out for himself.

and there was a cricket-match in the j if Jimmy Silver had been in his old afternoon. Classical juniors were playing Modern juniors. Tommy Dodd, the junior captain, captained the Modern side; and under ordinary circumstances, Jimmy Silver would have captained the Classical side.

But it was evidently impossible for a cricket team to work with a captain with whom they were not on speaking terms.

Jimmy Silver, however, was prepared to do his duty. Before the | vices, and they had been refused. meeting of the junior committee, and Jimmy Silver dropped in.

"Do you want me to skipper the side?" asked Jimmy calmly.

but rather half-heartedly.

of the match," said Raby satirically. | fact, almost beseeching glances. But "They used to walk over us before | Silver did not appear to see them. "He'll get tired of it first," said old Jimmy came here, and now they can begin again. It will be quite like old times."

"Look here, do you want to let that fellow out of Coventry?" demanded Topham. "Well, I'm getting rather fed up with this."

"Sure, and I was thinkin' the same," remarked Flynn.

"We're really following Smythe's lead in this," said Raby. "Smythe was the cause of all the trouble. Why couldn't he shut up about his fatheaded brother at Minhurst, and his tales about a chap. We found Oswald He seemed to be quite contented all right till we heard that yarn about

> "Oh. rot!" "Rats!"

But it was with misgivings that the In the common-room he played Classical junior eleven went down to chess with Oswald that evening, with the field to encounter the Modern lowering looks from the other Classi- | heroes. There was no doubt that their best man was left out, and that made Oswald's face was much brighter a tremendous difference in dealing since Jimmy Silver had chummed up | with Tommy Dodd & Co. The with him in this open manner. True, Moderns were very keen, and as hard "and-and I can't help thinking the

> Jimmy Silver strolled down with Oswald to witness the match. They looked on at the defeat of the Classicals, for it was a defeat, and a bad one. Lovell captained the side. Tommy Dodd was first man in and not outthere was no Classical bowler who could touch him now that Jimmy Silver was not there.

> The Moderns had four wickets to spare at the finish, and the Classicals were beaten to the wide.

That added fuel to the fire, so to speak. All the fellows felt that the The next day was a half-holiday, | match would have ended differently place. And he had left them in the lurch for the sake of that new beast who had been expelled from his own school. That was how they put it. Never had Jimmy Silver's popularity been at such a low ebb.

> Jimmy looked very thoughtful as he walked away from the field. He took the defeat to heart quite as much as any other Classical. But he had done his best-he had offered his ser-

Oswald, the more assured he was that | guards here," said Raby. "One more | he was in the right. There was not | don't make much difference." a trace of anything "shady" about the new junior-in every way, in There was a general shaking of word and deed, he was a thoroughly heads. Nobody spoke. Jimmy Silver | decent fellow. His expulsion from his | only—we can't go on like this with | shrugged his shoulders and sauntered old school was simply a mystery-undoubtedly some terrible mistake, "There goes our only bowler," said Jimmy Silver considered. And, come along with him," said Newcome. Raby. "The Moderns will walk over 'what might, Jimmy Silver was deter- "Not that I care for that, for one."

mined that he would never be down on a fellow who did not deserve ithe would do what he felt was right, and chance the consequences. It was just like Jimmy.

The 6th Chapter. Mahomet Goes to the Mountain.

"Why don't the silly beast chuck

Lovell asked that question, in aggrieved tones, in the end study,

three or four days later. During all that time not a word had been exchanged between Jimmy

Silver and his old chums. Jimmy had ceased to visit the end

He had his tea in Hall, with saw him. When they came on him, "Let's make the Moderns a present | they gave him anxious glances-in

He was quite ready to make it up, when they were. But he was not going to abandon Oswald to please anybody.

"Why don't he chuck it?" repeated Lovell. "Here we've been like this for a week, and the silly brute is as obstinate as ever. What's to be

"He won't give in," said Raby. "Looks like it, the ass!"

"Well, suppose we give in?" Lovell grunted angrily. "And swallow that fellow Oswald?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

he demanded.

"Can't be did!" "Look here, we don't want to break with Jimmy for good," said Raby. "Dash it all, Lovell, you remember how he lugged you out of that old

quarry-perhaps saved your life?" "No perhaps about it—he did save my life!" growled Lovell.

"Well, then-he's an obstinate ass, but-he was a good pal," said Raby, silly idiot may be in the right, you

"Do you think Oswald was sacked for nothing, fathead?"

"Well, there might have been a mistake or something. Perhaps Oswald got hauled up for another fellow-Smythe's brother, perhaps," said Raby brilliantly. "If Smythe's brother is anything like Smythe, it's | Silver. likely enough. Jimmy's awfully keen, you know, and he believes in the kid. You can't say that Oswald's done anything since he's been here."

"Not that we know of, you mean?"

growled Lovell. The only difference is that he hasn't | Smythe holding his nose as he fled. been found out."

of the fellow, coming into Rookwood, | you." after being sacked from another "Pick away!" said Jimmy Silver school—as if Rookwood's a place any cheerfully. blackguard can come to."

"Well, what with Smythe and his pals, and Knowles on the Modern stumps were pitched, there was a And the more he came to know side, we've got some pretty black- chap Oswald?"

cad whole, are you?"

"Well, we needn't quite do that-

"We shall be sent to Coventry

"They couldn't keep that up long," said Lovell. "If we come round the whole Form will come round in time. That's what that fathead Silver thinks, I suppose, and he's just holding out till we come round."

"If Mahomet can't get to the mountain the giddy mountain must come to Mahomet," said Raby.

"Fathead! You've got it wrong! If the mountain can't get to Mahomet, you mean-"

"Oh, blow Mahomet, and the mountain too! The question is, what are we going to do about Jimmy Silver?"

There was a grim silence. Lovell broke it at last.

"Come on!" he said.

Raby and Newcome followed him without asking questions. It was eviskippered by a chap in Coventry." | Form-room with Oswald. Except- | dent that Lovell had come to a "This is a pretty rotten change in | "Of course we can't!" said Lovell, | ing during lessons, his old pals hardly | decision. As the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet was going to the mountain!

> The three chums looked for Jimmy Silver. He was discovered under the beeches in the quad chatting with Oswald. The trio bore down on them, looking very grim. Smythe and Howard and Tracy of the Shell paused to look on, and they looked grim, too.

"I want to speak to you, Jimmy," began Lovell.

Jimmy Silver looked surprised.

"Me!" he ejaculated. "Yes, you fathead!" "But I'm in Coventry."

"Oh, don't be a silly ass!" "Look here, Lovell!" bawled Smythe. "You're speaking to that fellow! You know what you'll get!"

Lovell turned on the great Adolphus with a blaze in his eyes. His temper had suffered of late, and Adolphus's interference came just in time. Lovell was longing to punch somebody's head.

"What have you got to say, you tailor's dummy?" he demanded.

"By gad!" said Adolphus. "You say I'm not to speak to

Jimmy Silver-what?" "Yaas."

"Well, that's what I think of you," said Lovell, and he made a sudden dive at Adolphus's prominent nose, and seized it with a thumb and forefinger. "There!"

"Yowwww!" wailed Adolphus. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy

Smythe. "Ow, by dose-by dose! Yooow! Draggimoff, Tracy, you grinnin' idiot! Ow!"

Tracy and Howard were certainly grinning. But they came on to the "Well, we should know of it. We rescue, and Raby and Newcome came know about Smythe smoking, and on to stop them; and then Jimmy betting on gee-gees," said Raby. | Silver came on, and so did Oswald. "Smythe would be sacked just like In a minute or less the three Shell Oswald if the Head knew about him. | fellows were fleeing for their lives,

"Now, Jimmy Silver," panted "'Tain't only that. It's the nerve | Lovell. "I've got a bone to pick with

"I'm sick of this."

"Same here, old chap."

"Are you going to chuck up that "No!" "You'd rather keep on bad terms

"So you're willing to swallow the with us and all the fellows?" ex- him if you like." claimed Lovell hotly. "Must play the game," said

Jimmy. "Hold on!" broke in Oswald.

"Jimmy, I can't allow this. I've told | Silver tells you. The obstinate mule you before that you're doing more always gets his way in the long run." than any fellow can be expected to

do. It isn't fair for you to have my

troubles on your shoulders." "There! The fellow's talking sense," said Lovell. "Take his tip,

Jimmy, and do the sensible thing." "And I've told you, Oswald, that you're an ass," said Jimmy Silver.

Oswald's lip quivered. "It's a rotten shame for the fellows to treat you like this because you're decent to me," he said.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Lovell. "Haven't you been sacked from your school? Why can't you go home or go to Jericho, and save all the bother?"

"He can't go home," said Jimmy Silver. "He's got his people to consider. Besides, I wouldn't advise him to go home. It's up to a chap to stick it out and take it smiling when he's done nothing wrong."

"Are you going to chuck him, Jimmy Silver?"

Jimmy shook his head.

"That's final, you fathead?"

"You won't give in?"

"No; I can't!"

"You mean you won't!" roared Lovell.

"Well, if you like it better that way, I won't, then!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Then there's only one thing to be done," he said. "You're sure you won't give in?"

"Quite sure."

"Then we will."

"Eh?" ejaculated Jimmy Silver, in astonishment.

"Don't you understand English?" hooted Lovell. "If you won't give in, we will. Isn't that good enough?" Jimmy Silver grinned.

"Quite good enough," he said. "I don't mind admitting that I hoped you'd come round." "But you wouldn't come round!".

hooted Lovell. "Well, I couldn't. I'm in the

right, you see." "Why, you cheeky ass-" "'Shush!", said Raby. "It's all

over now. And you're coming to the study to tea, you fathead, Jimmy! We've got a good tea going."

"Jolly glad, too," said Jimmy. "I always have tea with my friend Oswald, though. Is my friend Oswald welcome?"

"I won't come," said Oswald quickly.

"Yes, you will," said Jimmy Silver "Groo-hooh! Leggo!" shrieked coolly. "I sha'n't go without you." "Of-of course he's welcome!" stammered Lovell. "In-in fact, we want him to come. We're going to speak to Oswald, of course."

"Nice afternoon, Oswald!" grinned Raby. "Lovely weather we're having,

Oswald!" remarked Newcome. "How do you do, Oswald?" snorted Lovell. "How does it feel to be sacked?"

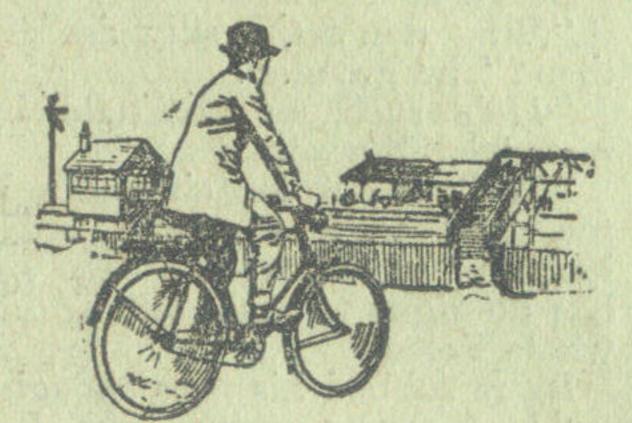
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now then, no larks!" said Jimmy Silver. "Oswald's going to be one of us. He comes into the Co. on my recommendation, and you chaps know that I have nearly all the brains of the study."

"We know you've got nearly all the cheek," said Lovell. "But it's a go. We'll take your blessed friend Oswald to our chests and weep over

"I-I-" began Oswald. "Oh, you dry up!" said Lovell. "Don't you make any more bother. You've made enough. Do as Jimmy

(Continued on the next page.)



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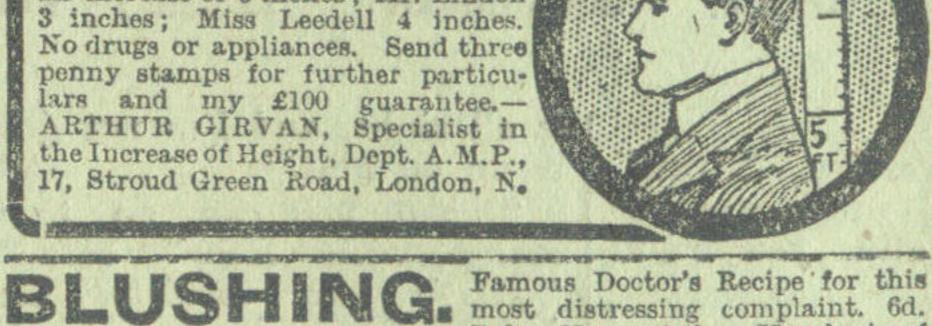
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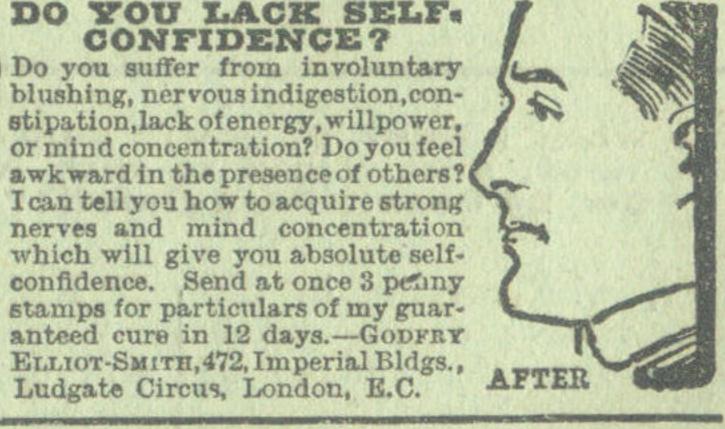
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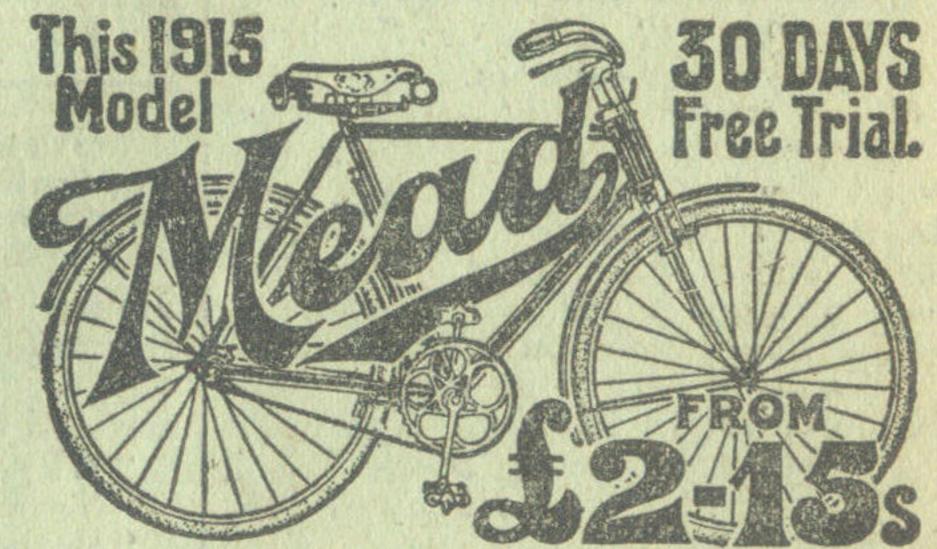
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(Continued from previous page.)

Published

Every Monday

Oswald smiled and Jimmy Silver chuckled.

schoolhouse together, apparently on worry." followed them.

So far as the Fistical Four were concerned, Oswald was out of Silver. Coventry. The question was whether could help it.

The 7th Chapter. A Roland for an Oliver.

Five juniors were gathered round the festive board in the end study.

The table was well spread. Lovell and Raby and Newcome had killed the fatted calf, so to speak, for the returning prodigal. It was not a repentant prodigal who came back to the end study; it was Lovell & Co. who had to do the repenting. But that was only a detail.

Certainly it was a merry little party. All the chums were glad that the estrangement was over, and Oswald was very glad indeed to see his champion on the old terms with his friends. Lovell & Co. had made it up with Jimmy Silver without any mental reservations. They took Oswald at Jimmy's valuation, and swallowed him whole, as Lovell expressed it. Oswald was Jimmy's pal, therefore he was their pal, and they were prepared to stand by him even as Jimmy Silver had done. As for the other fellows, they could like it or they could lump it as seemed to them

There was a buzz of merry voices in the end study, and that little feed was probably the most cheerful that had ever taken place in that famous apartment.

The Co. had, in fact, for the moment forgotten all about the rest of the Form and the sentence of Coventry.

But it was not forgotten outside the study. Tea was nearly over when there came a tramp of feet in the passage. There was a bang on the door, and it was hurled open.

The five juniors looked round. The passage was crowded with fellows of the Fourth and the Shell. The great Smythe was in the lead, his eyeglass gleaming in his eye, and his nose very red from the recent application of Lovell's finger and thumb.

"By gad, here they are!" said Smythe.

"What have you fellows brought | that here for?" asked Jimmy Silver. "This isn't the monkey-house, nor yet the museum. Take it away and bury

"Don't answer him!" said Smythe loftily. "He's in Coventry. Lovell, we want to know what this means. The whole school wants to know."

"Yaas, by gad!" said Townsend. "We're not standin' it, you know, Lovell. If you talk to those cads you'll be sent to Coventry too, don't you know."

"And we're going to wreck the study as a lesson to you to begin with," said Tracy.

Lovell rose to his feet and picked up a bat. Jimmy Silver took hold of the inkpot, and Raby annexed the tea-

"Come in and begin the giddy wreck," said Lovell. "There'll be a good many wrecks here by the time

you've finished." "Walk up, gentlemen!" invited Jimmy Silver. "You first, Smythey."

"We're givin' you a chance, Lovell," said Howard. "You know you can't stand up against the verdict of the school."

"We're going to try," said Lovell. "The fact is, we're fed up. We think Oswald's all right, and you fellows are silly asses not to think so too."

out," said Smythe, "or else you're goin' to have a study raggin', and then Coventry. Take your choice."

"Bow-wow!"

"Take your face away, Smythe," The five juniors walked off to the | urged Raby. "You know it's a

the best of terms. Angry and indig- "Well, you're goin' to have a tea in peace and in a cheery mood. nant glances from the other juniors | lesson," said Smythe. "Pile in, you fellows."

"Line up!" rapped out Jimmy

The Fistical Four and Oswald lined the rest of the Fourth would follow | up at once. There was a rush, but the lead of their old leaders. But that | the rush stopped. A bat and a stump would not happen if Adolphus Smythe | and a poker, an inkpot and a teapot looked rather dangerous at close quarters. The intended raggers paused and blinked at one another. Fellows in the passage behind urged on those in front, but those in front seemed to have their doubts about the matter.

Smythe of the Shell went flying. He bumped on the crowd in the passage, and his elbow crashed on Tracy's nose and his arm was flung round Hooker's neck. Three or four of the raggers went down in a heap with Smythe and rolled on the floor. Jimmy Silver slammed the study

"Not much of a ragging," he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Angry and excited voices were heard from the passage, but the door was not opened again. The ragging was evidently "off."

Smythe of the Shell had retired to a bath-room, and the rest of the raggers gave it up. The Fistical Four and their guest finished their

The ragging was certainly off, but the Classical juniors had not done with the end study yet. When the five chums came out after tea they found a sheet of cardboard stuck on the door, with an inscription daubed on it in large letters. It ran:

"THIS STUDY IS IN COVEN-TRY! ANYBODY SPEAKING TO THESE CADS WILL GET A FORM LICKING!"

Whereat the Fistical Four snorted contemptuously.

MAKING OF AN

This article is of special interest to readers of our grand story, "A Son of the Sea," and to lads who are eager to join the Royal Navy

fourteen or fifteen is the age at which most boys begin to be trained for the Navy.

In olden days-in fact, until about a dozen years ago-all lads who were intended for bluejackets were sent to one of the old training-ships, such as the Victory, Ganges, or Impregnable. These fine old wooden walls have now been done away with, and the new system is that of the naval training establishment, such as you will find at Greenwich or at Shotley.

There are great naval schools "Come on!" said Jimmy Silver! The card was promptly reduced to which, though on land, lie near salt

Some start as early as twelve, but | five who could swim; to-day a boy cannot enter the Navy at all unless he is a good swimmer.

The first fortnight is a sort of trial trip. Those in authority watch the new draft keenly, and once in a while a boy who is thought to be unfit, for some reason or another, is weeded out. But this is a rare event.

Some of these new boys are not much to look at. Skinny, underfed fellows, who do not appear as if they would ever make men. But watch them. See them again after the ten months' training is over. Some of these youngsters have been known to gain two stone in weight in that time. Good food, and plenty of it, hard, wholesome work, and plenty of drill and play in the open airthese accomplish miracles.

"Fear God, honour the King!" This is the motto that meets the eye of every new-comer to Shotley, and on every side he sees old guns with great stories, figure-heads of fine old ships, and other relics of Britain's famous wooden walls.

The huge class-rooms resemble the decks of ships, but are wonderfully light and airy. Here the boys are given every form of training needful for the modern bluejacket.

In one room, for instance, is a model of a ship, fully-rigged. The boys learn every sail, rope, and spar. In another is a compass, and here the principles of navigation are taught. Elsewhere is a steeringwheel, and a model of the part of a ship from which an anchor is dropped.

There are models of warships, some cut into quarters, or split down the centre to show the decks, the engines, and the watertight compartments.

Another room is stocked with ammunition of all sorts, cartidges, and shells, and in it the boys learn to distinguish one from another, and how to load guns large and small.

In the forge the pupils are taught welting, bolting, boring, and all sorts of iron work which they are likely to practice aboard ship. Signalling is still another branch of instruction, and a most important one.

Spare time is filled with football, hockey, drill, and gymnastics. On two afternoons a week there are. three hours and a half for recreation. In the evenings there are draughts, chess, and bagatelle.

Boys turn out at 5.30, and in at 9. They have cocoa when they get up, and three square meals a day. Dinner, for instance, on Thursdays and Sundays, is roast mutton and vegetables and plum-pudding.

Each youngster gets sixpence a week pocket-money, and when he finishes his course is a first-class boy. Then comes a spell on a sea-going training-ship, and at eighteen he becomes a man. He can write O.S. after his name, he is entitled to oneand-fivepence a day, and becomes a real unit in the Royal Navy.

Now, it depends on himself what he will become.

A.B (able seaman) is, of course, his first ambition, and then, if he pleases, he can specialise. He may become armourer, carpenter, shipwright, blacksmith, plumber, painter, or cooper. Daily pay for such specialists ranges up to six shillings

He may go to Whale Island, and pass as seaman-gunner, or he may specialise as signalman, or qualify as torpedo-man. All these add to his income, while each good conduct badge brings with it an extra penny a day.

In submarines there is "hard lying" money to be earned.

As chief petty-officer, pay is at the rate of a little over £100 a year. A warrant-officer, of course, gets a very good salary.

There is always a pension to be looked forward to. A chief stoker.

them, they are taught swimming. In Navy, and it's a fine life! Buck up,



"There!" panted Lovell, administering correction to Jimmy Silver with a cricket stump. "Now, you silly idiot, are you going to do the sensible thing and be pally?" "Yow-ow!" exclaimed Jimmy.

invitingly. "Forward, Adolphus! I ashes, but ten minutes later a new water. They are thoroughly up-to-Forward!"

"Get on, Smythe!" yelled Hooker from the passage. "Collar him!"

Smythe hesitated. "Well, you can have the ink, anyway," said Jimmy Silver, as Smythe, pushed from behind, advanced reluctantly into the study.

Swish! Splash!

There was a wild yell from Adolphus as the contents of the inkpot swamped over his face, his elegantly-parted hair, and his well-cut waistcoat and trousers. The dandy of

the Shell staggered. "Oh, dear! By gad, you ruffian!

Oh! Ah! Ow!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Charge!" shouted Jimmy Silver. The five juniors charged at the crowded doorway. There was a wild scramble of the raggers to escape. Jimmy Silver seized the inky Adolphus, and whirled him off his feet. Smythe struggled furiously, but "You're goin' to kick that cad Raby gripped his ankles, and he was swept off the floor.

"Chuck him out!" yelled Jimmy.

"One, two, three-go!"

can see the fighting blood of the notice was pinned up in the junior Smythes is boiling in your veins! common-room in the well-known handwriting of Jimmy Silver. The Classical juniors gathered to read it with breathless indignation. It simply took their breath away, for it ran in this wise:

"NOTICE!

"The Shell and the Fourth have been sent to Coventry!

"(Signed) JIMMY SILVER, "EDWARD LOVELL,

"GEORGE RABY, "ARTHUR NEWCOME, "DICK OSWALD."

The Shell and the Fourth read that notice with feelings almost too deep for words. The cheek of it amazed them. Certainly there was only one fellow at Rookwood who would ever have conceived the idea of sending the two junior Forms to Coventry "on his own" But it was just like Jimmy!

THE END.

("The Outcast of the Fourth!" is the title of next Monday's magnificent long complete story of Jimmy Silver and Co.)

date in every respect, and their inmates have the advantage of large playing-fields, swimming-baths, and gymnasiums, so that their bodies can be thoroughly trained as well as their minds.

The Royal Naval School at Greenwich is for sons of seamen, of coastguards, and marines, for the Navy is largely manned by sons of sailors. Shotley is not confined to these. It gathers boys from all over the country, and the parents of some of its pupils have possibly never seen the sea in all their lives.

Shotley is in Suffolk, and quite near the coast. The boys are sent there in batches of twenty or thirty from the places where they have been recruited, and the new batch begins with a fortnight in the "new entries" dormitory. Here they are for instance, may retire in the prime kept quite separate from the rest of of life with £1 a week for the rest the six hundred boys, and while of his days. their equipment is being got for Oh, there are fine chances in the old days there was not one sailor in you boys, and join!

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